

As I woke up the day of my baptism, a little ten-year-old child, I did sense anxiety because it was the curse of autism; missing connection in my mind. Maybe, just maybe, the Enemy saw a now repaired, chink in my proverbial armor. When I arrived, swimsuit in hand, I felt a great electrical-like charge in the air; like the salty taste that precedes thunder and lightning. I knew this was an important day. I did not consciously know just how paramount this day would become to myself. Since then, the experience has become ingrained in my very being; my soul.

When my time to go into the side room most churches have, I felt my subconscious freeze. No flight. No fight. I heard two voices in front of me. I heard two voices in front of me. This would be the first time I would see my powers, gifted from God, manifest like how our Savior multiplied the bread and fish.

They were yelling and cursing, not with sound, but with intention; power, focus, & effect. These two worthless demons had won the ruling in the Courts of Heaven to try to get me to chicken out. I was so terrified of what I saw that it was not until this past year did I accept that I was tempted by Satan's minions to fall into fear. I was momentarily lame, powerless. I cried out in my mind, while my earthly father was pushing to the door that led to the stage, so I could become reborn, dedicated to Christ, *God help me.*

Sometimes, God is the Burning Bush that Moses came across; loud, bright, and unable to be refuted. Other times, He is the little push we call our subconscious. He nudges one person to not back one step but to take two steps and rise up like Beowulf. He unlocks the courage inside us to lead others where they are afraid to go.

Standing there, sick to my stomach, I felt someone push my body forward, to the door. There was no one behind me. I stepped into the water, nervous, guided by the pastor at the time. I looked up right before I was thrust into the water. Two glowing men with swords of fire stood at the main entrance into the main part of the church. They wore Romanesque armor. Now, today and when I think about it, I realize they were angels.

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Suddenly, I did not feel the water. The chill from the water you associate with jumping in became absolutely absent. Frankly, I did not feel the water around me. Reality appeared to be that I was standing in a bright place outside of time and space. I blinked. Then, I opened my eyes. A glorious musical melody filled my ears. I was not in the pool I was being baptized in. What appeared to my senses was this: I am dry to the bone. I had to shield my eyes from the light not because of its brightness but because I somehow knew I could not comprehend the detail contained in that light. While I try to describe this, in short, the light is only describable as ineffable; its beauty uncontainable. Then, I saw through gates composed of every gem and stone (known and unknown) a mesmerizing path filled with what can only be understood as gems.

I know that the people I saw in the distance were those that came before us. Heroes. Historical figures. Biblical figures and those from World

history that lifted His name high. I knew that like how one knows to breathe; it just is. Then I felt a hand on my left shoulder. I looked up and I did not recognize him. But the air about him, the energy of protons, neutrons, and electrons bowed down to him. The very cornerstones of what we know as our universe bowed down to this man. Then he spoke, "Hello Dony."

He took a step and glanced up at the gate; seemingly full of a fuel I cannot describe except as gratitude. He turned to me and hugged me; I remember thinking, *I don't like hugs but, I'm okay with this*. For a moment, my mind was quiet. Then, overwhelmed I was with a peace unfitting of detail; unable to be written down. Silently, this man showed me his hands. Defying reality, his wrists and hands; and then it was just his wrists; and then just his hands that had been punctured. It was then I realized who this Person was or...is. It was God; Jesus Chrsit, our Author...our Protector.

I did not comprehend the absolute gravity of this at the time. But now I understand where I was and who I was with. I was physically standing outside the Gates of Heaven with the Son of God; the Savior of very man, woman, and child. (And dogs! All dogs go to Heaven!) This...that was a miracle.

He spoke to me again, "You are important. You are going to do great things that have never been done. I know it will be challenging, But My Words says I will never forsake you and you will see that in My time." He smiled at me and I blinked. As soon as I opened my eyes, I was back in the church. I was pulled from the water. Worship music flooded my ears and the joyous applause of churchgoers and disciples filled the sanctuary. I would not immediately understand the full breath nor the gravity of this experience for a long time; in His time.

Factually, I did tell my family I met a man with holes in his hands who I thought, at the time, was Jesus. Now, I no longer believe that to be the truth. I know that is *the* truth. We ended up eating lunch at Burger King; which was something I fixated on. My family and I were more focused on the miraculous fact that a ten year-old, autistic child, was baptized.

I know I will look back on my life at the end proud of everything I went through and every thing I have done because I am making the conscious effort and choice to put God first

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Project Veritas has a whistleblower come forward and stated that the Biden Administration is in denial about the absolute fact that our tax dollars, our federal government, etc.; are taking unaccompanied minors from people who cross over our Southern Boarder and placing them with unrelated adults en mass and forcing them to work off their *debt* as indentured servants and sex slaves. We went from letting two dudes get married to slavery and pimping in less than two decades. It makes me want to believe that God should just wipe the slate clean and start over with a new creation; it's something I would do at this point.

If the conservative movement does not put an actual, well-adjusted leader to center stage, if they...we do not act, then America is dead. How many mothers and fathers have been handed a flag instead of getting to say goodbye to their child? How many people have taken their own lives because no one cared to help them when they were being abused? How many people must die for us to take some fucking action?

I visited Arlington National Cemetery, and the graves are endless. So much death and sacrifice for what? I'm ashamed to be an American. How many of us have found out about children being harmed and doing nothing? How many of us saw a chance to do something, anything, and done absolutely nothing?

I understand why you let yourself be silenced; I fell for it too. We were scared. Also, saying cowards will not be accepted into the Kingdom of Heaven will not scare you because you see this corruption and evil firsthand. We think, why would God allow this? Maybe He put you there to put an end to it. You may believe a boy can become a girl, but you don't believe in the all-powerful Sky Daddy?

Honestly, at this point, we deserve whatever may come. We all failed. Maybe, we can still save the day. I remember when I gave God control. It was Christmas Night, 2014. My mother was trapped in communist China. I knew enough to know that China was cracking down on ANY dissent. I saw how she reached out to all media and everyone she knew. Yes, people gave money. Yes, people offered thoughts and prayers. But it was a lesson that we are not to put our faith in man but in God. When you are at your lowest moment, you become open to the greatest change. I told him that, "I'm trusting You to reunite my family." I had no choice but to have faith that everything would work out and take action when it was time to; not before, not after but, at the right time.

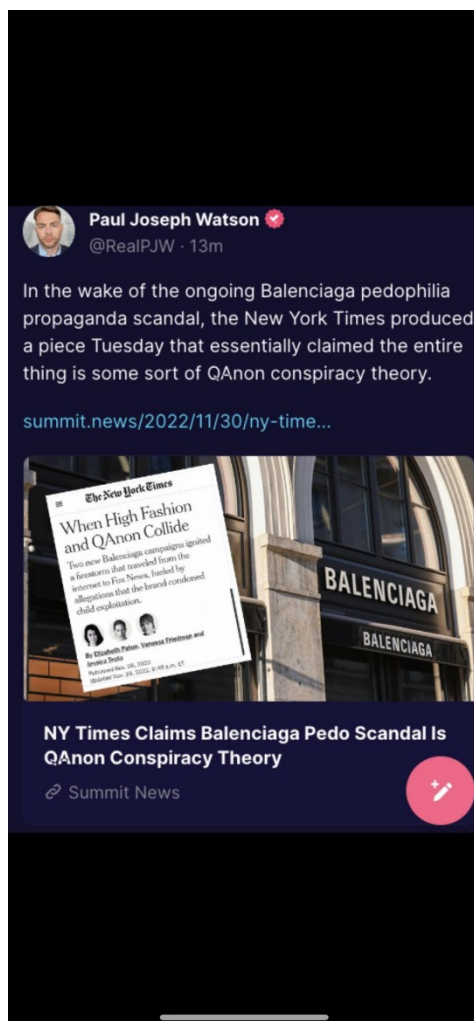
When I woke up, with salt from tears caked on my face, my mother called my sister and I and said everything had finally been put in order. She was coming home with her dad, our grandfather. I was amazed and relieved. For forty days and forty nights, I cried myself to sleep afraid of losing everything. It was then I realized liberal and conservative pundits did not care about us little people. I came to that realization because my mother had reached out to these celebrities for help and they said no. (It's not so surprising today since most of them protected Epstein and Weinstein.)

So many Americans worship conservative icon after conservative icon and think they are going to save our country. That is wrong. That is bullshit. Man is fallible. It's time to accept that fact. That same mentality is why Jesus came the first fucking time. People thought God would descend from Heaven with guns a blazing, destroying the corrupt Romans. Do you know what He did instead, He gave EVERYTHING so that we may yet live. Yet we don't put our faith in Him anymore. Instead, it's left vs right, this race over that race, this denomination over that denomination.

Do you now see what the Devil has done? He has made us comfortable. Tricked us and deceived us. That bastard has taken everything and perverted it to divide us, so we never rise up. Did you know the Pope gave away the power to appoint new Bishops to the Chinese Government? I did research on that when I found out and their own traditions and rules state that the power to appoint new Bishops is not something the Pope can give away. Yet, he did. People keep passing the buck and saying someone else will pick up the slack.

And now, because of that cowardice, we have allowed slavery to fester in our country; in our world. And it is all our fault.

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This is called gaslighting. (The above image.) It's something an abuser does to make you think you are making it all up. There was a day and a time

when if we saw a child being harmed, we'd break the perpetrator's kneecaps and maybe even kill the individual. What we failed to understand is that the child that was harmed now had a high probability of becoming a child abuser or more aptly, a pedophile. It is a self-fulfilling cycle and instead of giving children adults that they can trust, we sent them off to a shrink to deal with it. We passed the buck and ignored the problem, hoping it would just go away. We became cowards, paying someone else to parent and to care for our children.

Now, this is the consequence. People can have children photographed with sex toys and no one cares enough to do anything about. That's what this company in question did and they don't care. Do not complain about it when they come for your children. They may. They may think they can because the monsters have gotten away with it and because we let them. We have become the people of Hrothgar's kingdom (from the Beowulf epic), too afraid to deal with Grendel's monster. Grendel's monster comes every night to eat your children and rape your wives. Only this time, Beowulf is not coming to save the day. No man is. We must shake off the burden and the yolk of cowardice so we can rise up and become Beowulf; become better, grow, and evolve.

Beowulf killed Grendel's monster. But he wasn't finished. He dove into the monster's lake. The monster that gave birth to Grendel. He killed the source of evil plaguing Hrothgar's kingdom when no one else would despite knowing it existed. We know evil exists, yet we expect someone else to route it out. We expect our country's government to enforce laws when they are in denial that the very same evil that permeates our country, our world.